

MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PUBLISHED BY WHITTINGHAM & JOHN GILMAN, NEWBURYPORT.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1806.

[No. 30.]

Communications.

 "Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
 "Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind."

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

BIOGRAPHY OF MACKENZIE.

CONCLUDED.

A FEW of the papers of the *Mirror and Lounger*, are on topics of metaphysical criticism, and metaphysical disquisition, on subjects in the law of nature and nations, such as was then much studied in the Scottish universities. In these, the authors are seldom happy. These essays want precision, from the attempt to give them popular ease and looseness: they are obscure, from the impossibility of rendering ideas so abstract and refined, at once popular and familiar: they are incomplete, because the limits of the papers did not permit them to be extended to the requisite length: and they are often even otherwise of little value, because the opinions in them seem to have been hastily taken up, slightly considered, and often not very clearly and definitely apprehended, even by the writers themselves. From this censure are, however, to be excepted, the papers on *Dreaming*, by Dr. Beattie of Aberdeen, which seem, indeed, to be the pride of that philosopher's writings.

In the pathetic, and in delicate Addisonian humour, consists the chief power of these papers: and, in these two species, they cannot be denied to present many instances of uncommon excellence. The tale of the death of La Roche, which aims to convert the deist by the mere force of sensibility, is certainly one of the most tender and affecting which man can read. The letters signed *Homespun*, are equal in merit, to perhaps the best of Addison's similar papers in the "*Spectator*," or of those by Chesterfield in the "*World*." Hawke's tales in the "*Adventurer*," may perhaps be thought to excel those of the *Mirror and Lounger*, in the pathos of general effect, resulting from the common power of character, incidents, sentiments, and general design. But, in that pathetic, which depends on the minute display of tender and picturesque imagery, the writ-

ers of the *Mirror and Lounger* are unrivalled by those of any other collection of periodical papers. Nor, though there be a great profusion of wit, and that more poignant, in the papers of the "*World*" and the "*Connoisseur*," should we think of comparing even these papers with those of the Scottish writers, in respect to that delicacy, that elegant felicity of wit and humour, which is the most envied praise of Horace and of Addison.

It must, indeed, be owned, of the *Mirror and Lounger* that they wear very much the air of having been written by men of fashion. The colloquial phraseology which occurs in them, is not only, in general, pure, but is also that of elegant, rather than of mean or pedantic society. The allusions are to things familiar to the mode of life, which belongs rather to the great and fashionable, than to the laborious and humble. It is to the amusement and amelioration of high life, or life comparatively high, that the scope of almost all these papers is directed. They affect, too, a tone of superiority, a polish of address and manners, a nicety and even caprice of approbation and censure, which seem not very indirectly to bespeak the condition of the authors to have been above the level of tasteless vulgarity.

The style of these papers, seems to have been formed chiefly on the models of Addison, Johnson, Hume, and a few French writers. It is never coarse, mean, nor spiritless; but it is often debased by an intermixture of Scotticisms, of Gallicisms, and of the peculiar slang language of Scottish metaphysics. It scarcely ever attains to the ease and felicity of genuine and delicate Anglicism. The sense is sometimes entangled or lost amid the multiplicity and the elaborate prettiness of the words employed to express it.

Of the *Mirror and Lounger*, it may be, with truth, observed, that, as has been said of the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*, they sensibly improved the conversation of the best company in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland, within a few years after their publication. They refined and corrected the public taste in regard to amusements; and, they contributed to connect elegant literature with the diversions and harmless levities of the gay.

For these and whatever other benefits may have been derived to society from those papers, the chief thanks are unquestionably due to Mr. Mackenzie. He acted as editor of the whole. His papers are considerably more numerous than those of any of his coadjutors, more various in regard to the nature of their subjects, and of superior merit. He easily appears among so many men of distinguished talents, as Addison among the other writers of the *Spectator*, or Dryden among the other authors of the poetical miscellanies of which he was the editor. Though we had no other test, by which to judge of the abilities of the principal writer in the *Mirror and Lounger*; we should not fail to rank them high, upon this consideration solely, that in a knot of men so eminent, he stands unquestionably the first.

When the Royal Society of Edinburgh was instituted, Mr. Mackenzie became one of its members. Among the papers, with which he has enriched the volumes of its transactions, are, an elegant tribute to the memory of his friend Judge Abercrombie, and a memoir on German tragedy, which bestows great praise on the "*Emilia Gallotti*" of Lessing, and on the "*Robbers*" by Schiller.

He had procured the materials for that memoir through the medium of a French work. But, desiring afterwards to enjoy the native beauties of German poetry, he took some lessons in the language of Germany from a Dr. Okely, then studying medicine at Edinburgh. The fruits of his attention to German literature, appeared farther in the year 1791, in a small volume containing translations of the "*Set of Horses*" by Lessing, and of two or three other dramatic pieces, executed partly, we believe, by Mr. Mackenzie, and in part by Dr. Okely.

A comedy written by Mr. Mackenzie, under the name of the *White Hypocrite*, was unsuccessfully brought forward in representation of Covent-garden theatre, in, we believe, the winter 1788-89. He produced also a tragedy, founded upon the "*Fatal Curiosity*" of Lillo, which met in representation no better fate. For the English drama of the present time, we think it singularly unfortunate, that powers of wit, pathos, and classical elegance, like those of

Mr. Mackenzie, should have been thus hooted from the stage.

A "Review of the Proceedings of the Parliament which met first in the year 1784," and a series of "Letters, under the signature of Brutus," are political productions which, by their spirit, elegance, and tendency to support the order of government, have done great honour to this gentleman's talents.

He has approved himself an example of every domestic virtue. He has never weakly suffered his attachment to literary pursuits to divert him from the diligent and zealous discharge of his duty as a man of business. He has lived in friendship with many of the most eminent of his contemporaries; the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, his nephew the Lord Chief Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, those eminent Judges who were his coadjutors in the Mirror and Lounger, and many other persons of high distinction whom we might enumerate. By the people of Edinburgh, as to their public amusements, he has long been regarded as the very *arbiter elegantiarum*.—Of any sort of merit in those literary arts in which he himself excels, he has ever been to others a kind and zealous patron. He is one of the directors of a subscription-concert which has long been maintained at Edinburgh, upon a plan highly agreeable to the public. He is extremely fond of the rural diversions of fowling, hunting, and fishing. In all those exertions which have been found necessary, since the year 1791, to support the government, and preserve the peace of the country, there has been no person more honorably nor more usefully zealous and active than he.

His fortune, never uncomfortably small, is not even now invidiously great. His business in the Exchequer yields probably an income of 800*l.* a year: he is comptroller-general of taxes for Scotland, with a salary of 600*l.* a year: and his other emoluments may perhaps raise the whole amount of his annual income to somewhat more than 2000*l.* He has a family of 11 amiable and promising children.

He is an eminent member of a "Literary Club," in which a few of the most eminent members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh occasionally meet for literary and friendly converse at a convivial meal in a tavern. His conversation is ever the charm and the pride of every society which he enters.

It is peculiarly pleasing to contemplate a life in which the praise of literature is so happily, so elegantly, so gracefully associated with the best virtues of social and domestic life, and with the steady and judicious exercise of the most respectable talents for business:—it is peculiarly pleasing—for, alas! the example is singularly rare.

The readers of this memoir may be assured, that it is not the eulogy of a friend to him whose merits it commemorates. Its writer has endeavoured only to mention without prejudice, facts of which he had authentic information. But if, in spite of this care, any prejudices may have influenced him in relating what he knew, those prejudices have certainly not been in favor of the subject of this memoir.

It may be proper to add in the words of the Editor of the Port Folio, one circumstance in the literary annals of our author, which his biographer has omitted. — Mr. MACKENZIE wrote an address to the people of Great Britain, in answer to "Paine's Rights of Man," shortly after that renegade attempted to disturb the public peace, by that egregious pamphlet, the mawkish and detestable compound of falsehood and folly. Of the various replies to the sophistry, and audacity of this felon, this is one of the most acute, elegant, and conclusive. With the exception of Burke's elaborate dissertation on the subject, in the point of his reflections, on the revolution in France, addressed to Mons. Menonville, it contains the best description of the English constitution, as settled at the revolution, under the auspices of the Prince of Orange, we have ever seen in so concise a form. Mr. MACKENZIE has likewise, with the sagacity of a statesman, and the prescience of a prophet, detailed the imperfections, and foretold the consequences, of that shallow system, of that "institute and digest of anarchy," the project of a republic in France. He has described, with great vivacity, the miseries of the commonwealth, under the usurping protectorate of the fanatic Cromwell, and he exclaims, in a tone of honest exultation, that the republic was at length buried, and the execrations of a whole people were poured upon its grave, and even its ghost at midnight durst no more meet the frown of an Englishman."

SLANDER.

THE baleful effects of slander to the harmony of society, is a hacknied theme of conversation; and its prevalence is commonly deplored with that sensibility, and apparent sincerity, that one, not thoroughly conversant with mankind, would suppose that it was a vice of which none but the basest and most profligate were guilty. All complain of its prevalence, and regret its effects. It is said, that the most spotless character is not secure from its attacks: that censure is heaped indiscriminately upon the virtuous and the vicious: that the fairest reputation is often blighted by its pestilential breath; and that the happiness of families and the peace of neighbourhoods is destroyed by its baneful influence.—But who is it that causes this mighty havoc in society?—*Physician, heal thyself.*

MODERN PHILANTHROPY.

THIS has been excellently described under the figure of an allegorical personage, who is so busily employed in searching for DISTANT objects of distress, that she stumbles over a Pilgrim who came to solicit immediate assistance.

[The following short, but spirited sketch of the character of Dr. SMOLLETT, is from the elegant pen of Dr. Moore, his latest biographer. It is remarkably well drawn, without overcharged features, or gaudy colours, but with the modest tints of truth.] *Port Folio.*

CHARACTER OF DOCTOR SMOLLETT.

THE person of Dr. Smollett was stout and well proportioned, his countenance engaging, his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity, that seemed to indicate that he was not unconscious of his own powers. He was of a disposition so humane and generous, that he was ever ready to serve the unfortunate, and on some occasions, to assist them beyond what his circumstances could justify.—Though few could penetrate with more acuteness into character, yet none was more apt to overlook misconduct, when attended with misfortune. He lived in an hospitable manner, but he despised that hospitality, which is founded on ostentation, which entertains only those, whose situation in life flatters the vanity of the entertainer, or such as can make returns of the same kind; that hospitality, which keeps a debtor and creditor account of dinners. Smollett invited to his plain, but plentiful table, the persons whose characters he esteemed, in whose conversation he delighted, and many for no other reason, than because they stood in need of his countenance and protection. As nothing was more abhorrent to his nature, than pertness, or intrusion, few things could render him more indignant than a cold reception; to this, however, he imagined he had sometimes been exposed, on application in favour of others; for himself he never made an application to any great man in his life.

Free from vanity, Smollett had a considerable share of pride, and great sensibility; his passions were easily moved, and too impetuous when roused; he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his detestation of fraud, nor refrain from proclaiming his indignation against every instance of oppression. Tho' Smollett possessed a versatility of style in writing, which he could accommodate to every character, he had no suppleness in his conduct. His learning, diligence, and natural acuteness, would have rendered him eminent in the science of medicine, had he persevered in that profession, other parts of his character were ill suited for augmenting his practice. He could neither stoop to impose on credulity nor humour caprice. He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition, equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve, than of those who could serve him. What wonder that a man of this character, was not, what is called, successful in life.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

Believing that the following extract, from an interesting *Discourse on Music*, addressed to the Essex Musical Association, by the Rev. Mr. Dana, at their annual meeting at Bosford, Sept. 1803, will gratify many of the readers of your Magazine, I beg leave to solicit its insertion. The utility and importance of Sacred Music, in the performance of public worship, and private devotion, will be denied but by few, if any. The present low state of this animating part of worship in some of our churches is a subject of regret,—that a revival may soon be effected is the ardent wish of your correspondent. The *Discourse* from which the following extract is taken, was, by a committee appointed to wait on the author to request a copy, immediately put to press.—Yours, DIAPASON.

ON MUSIC.

THE present state of music in the various parts of the world, is strikingly analogous to that of science in general, and of society, taken in connection with the characteristic traits of different nations. Our remarks on this subject must be extremely brief, and from the nature of the case, almost exclusively confined to Europe.

No nation is thought to have cultivated music with so great success as the Italian. No inconsiderable number of those who have attained the greatest celebrity as composers and performers in other countries, were natives of this. And excepting that by excessive refinement, their music is in some degree enfeebled, (not to say emasculated) the Italians maintain their preeminence in this science to the present day.

Next to Italy, Germany claims precedence in the regions of music. The country which gave birth to a *Handel*, must partake of his immortality. It is highly celebrated for its instrumental music, particularly that of its organs, which are often immensely large, and generally played with skill, though with too little animation.

In Bohemia, Hungary, and some parts of Austria, music is said to be remarkably diffused among the people at large; so much so, as to be taught to children at common writing-schools. But these countries furnish few who excel, either in composition or performance.

The music of France has generally been thought to partake of the character of its inhabitants. It is sprightly and entertaining, but wants solidity.

None who have heard the Scotch airs can fail to be charmed with the inimitable tenderness and simplicity which they exhibit. In that country, and in Ireland, music, and the fine arts generally, have been of late cultivated with much spirit and success.

In England, the favorite seat of arts and of science, music has made very considerable advances toward perfection. Perhaps, however, the present is not its golden age in that nation. Few of their living authors attain the sublime, the pathetic, and highly interesting style of many in the last century. Yet the magnificence and enthusiasm with which the birth of the great *Handel* has been celebrated for several years past, affords pleasing evidence that the genuine taste is by no means extinct.

To speak of the existing state of music in our own country, is a difficult and delicate task. Indeed our character, in this respect, is scarcely formed. Our music, whether considered as an art or a science, is still in its infancy. Nor do we seem, as yet, to have agreed on any standard by which the merit of compositions is to be tested. The state of society among us being so little advanced, few of our composers have been enabled, like the great masters in Europe, to devote their lives to the object. The consequence is, that our country has been for years overflowing with productions, not destitute of sprightliness perhaps, nor, in every instance, of gleams of genius, but composed on no plan, conformed to no principles, and communicating no distinct or abiding impression—fugitive, unsubstantial things, which fill the ear, and starve the mind. It would be injustice not to add, (and it is added with pleasure) that to this remark, there are some bright and honorable exceptions; exceptions which promise to vindicate our musical character, and prevent the utter perversion of our taste; which exhibit the vast superiority of the *old school*, and are a standing reproof of the modern revolutionary spirit.—But I forbear and pass to another topic.

The importance of music, and of its cultivation, is so obvious, and so generally confessed, that a formal illustration of the point seems almost superfluous. Did it only afford a method of employing our time, at once perfectly innocent, and highly pleasing, this would be no despicable recommendation, especially as it respects the young, who in an age licentious as the present, are evermore exposed to contamination and seduction, presenting themselves under the specious mask of amusement.

But advantages of far greater dignity attend it. It tends to soften the mind, to meliorate the heart, to allay and eradicate the tumultuous and cruel passions, and inspire the soul with tender, generous and sympathetic affections. Sacred music brings the soul into immediate converse with its Creator. How directly is this calculated to raise it above every grovelling and sinful object of pursuit, to enable it to look down with indifference and contempt on a vain world, to purify it from its

drofs, to assimilate it to the character, and thus prepare it for the preference and fruition of the Father of spirits! Perhaps there is no employment in which good men have attained clearer ideas, stronger desires, or livelier anticipations of the bliss of heaven, than this.

But alas! we are as yet in a state of imperfection, and of sorrow. The arrows of affliction assail us in every step of life's eventful journey. From heaven and from earth, from enemies, and (more painful still!) from friends, they assail us. What mortal bottom escapes unpierced? Yet even here, indulgent heaven has not left us without resource. The best of all resources is prayer and confidence in God:—and wretched is that man who knows not their soothing influence. Music, likewise, is a natural and powerful auxiliary in supporting the afflicted mind. It gently diffuses a healing balm into the wounds of the spirit. It softens our sorrows, and it sanctifies them too, by turning them into the channel of devotion.

There is a noble use of music, suggested by every feeling mind, and forbidden by no dictate of religion: I mean the celebration of departed worth. It is the privilege of eminently good and amiable men to live, not only to God in a better world, but in the memories and hearts of survivors on earth. Their virtues are not dead, but translated, ennobled and consummated. The grave, which hides their mortal part, buries their frailties too, and we remember nothing but their excellencies. How sweetly soothing to the ear of friendship, the dirge which laments their death! and how natural to repeat the song which records their virtues! If they were public benefactors and ornaments, how imperiously do gratitude and patriotism require the tender tribute! Thus, in strains as sweet as ever flowed from human tongue, did David mourn the friend of his soul, whose love surpassed the love of women. And thus, while virtue has a name, and gratitude an existence, shall America lament and celebrate her *Washington*.

But music appears in its most engaging and sublime attitude, when employed in the social and public worship of God. It is a business equally rational and pious, dignified and delightful. Man is the priest of nature, as he is the only being in this lower world, capable of an immediate commerce with his Maker. How shall he discharge the high and solemn trust, but by rendering vocal that praise which all nature is silently presenting to its God? We are receiving every day from the Supreme Benefactor, millions of blessings in common with those around us. How natural is it, that the gratitude which should glow in our bosoms, should seek an united expression in that language which is emphatically the language of tender and sublime emotions!—And if we reflect that not only holiness, but decency and order become the house of God, it will be evident that the music of his sanctuary should be solemn, dignified and chaste; calculated at once to excite and express the deepest sentiments of veneration, and the warmest affections of love, to the Supreme of beings. It should be adapted, as much as possible, to raise every tender and noble passion of the soul to its glorious object. And the style of performance should be correspondent. Here, therefore, is an ample field for the exercise of sensibility, taste, imagination, judgment and skill. Nor can these faculties be better employed, than in improving and perfecting this sacred and pleasing art.

I must not then be denied the pleasure of expressing my best wishes for the prosperity of the *Essex Musical Association*. The professed object of your pursuit, my friends, the amelioration of the state of Church music, is confessedly of high importance. And so far as my information extends, yours is the first institution of any considerable extent, which has been formed expressly for this purpose. Nor is it a little pleasing to find that your example is already waking up a similar spirit in other parts of our country. This is the age of improvements. It may, and it must be hoped, that while on other subjects, the public taste is refining, our psalmody will experience its share of reformation. It is deeply to be regretted, that so important a part of public worship should by any defect, either in its materials or mode, essentially fail of accomplishing its object; that of filling the minds of our religious assemblies with raised and solemn emotions. Yet that such is the case with a great part of our Church music, is an undeniable fact. Nor is it difficult to explore the cause. Many, if not most, of the compositions in use, are a perfect contrast to the dignified and expressive simplicity of the most approved European productions. And the performance naturally takes its completion from the genius of the composition. But to depart thus widely from that style whose excellence has stood the test of long experience, is not judicious. If a delicate and correct taste in music shall ever diffuse itself through our country, it will certainly bring into reputation and use the immortal compositions of *Handel*, *Moran*, *Arne*, *Milgrove*, *Burney*, and those American authors who have imbibed their spirit, and formed themselves upon their model. Such a consummation is devoutly to be wished. We fondly hope it is not far distant. To have taken a leading and successful part in effecting it, will be an honor, and a subject of pleasing reflection. At the same time, you will not be either surprised or deterred from the pursuit, should you find your progress less rapid than you wish. Great and extensive effects are not accomplished in a moment. But the cause is good, and if prosecuted with vigor, with determination and perseverance, must finally triumph.

I close with a thought which claims a more serious attention, than any thing which has yet been said. If the mechanical part of music is important, how much more that which is spiritual!

How painful the idea of taking a conspicuous share in the public worship of God, and yet habitually living in disregard and neglect of Him! of singing his praises in strains of rapture, yet with hearts cold, unaffected and insensible!—of leading in the songs of the Church here, yet bearing no part in the songs of saints and angels above, for want of a spirit attuned to the blissful employment! O my friends! let us tremble at a thought so full of horror. Let us never be contented, till we find our very souls united to the Supreme Excellence, and inspired with ardent love and devotion to Him whose praise we celebrate. This, and this alone, will save us from a thousand sad and agonizing reproaches of conscience. This will render our musical performances a consistent, an acceptable, a sublime service. It will mingle with them unknown and indescribable delights even here; and it will prepare us to join in anthems of praise to God and the Lamb, in the world of everlasting, evergrowing bliss.

Diversity.

A FRAGMENT.

—His death was caused by a paralytic stroke!—Short was his summons to eternity; the Morning, shone unclouded on his prospects, and health animated each feature—Evening came—but the animating spirit had fled!—

Fate unrelenting, strikes the deadly blow,
Nor heeds our anguish, for the loss we mourn:
That clay cold heart, no more with warmth shall glow;
No soft affections bloom within the urn.

Ah! filial fondness sheds the tear in vain;
With aim unerring still the dart is hurl'd;
One hope consoling may those tears restrain:
There is another and a better world.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

A LADY, who lately attempted to delineate the features of her lover, in the midst of her employment, relinquished the pencil, and taking up the pen, addressed to him the following affectionate compliment.

Thy manly face I strove to hit,
My art thy graces foil;
Short of success, yet loath to quit,
My hand renews the toil.

Love's laughing god my sketches spied,
And with his sharpest dart,
My inexpressive skill supplied,
And grav'd thee in my heart.

SINGULAR METHOD OF RECKONING
AMONG THE ARABIANS.

THE Arabians, though said to be the inventors of numerical and algebraic arithmetic, are now so ignorant, that not one in a thousand understands even the first rules of either; but they have acquired such dexterity in Addition and Subtraction of large sums by the force of memory, that they have devised a method of numeration, no less sure and expeditious than singular, which is, putting their hands into each other's sleeve, and touching each other with this or that finger, or with this or that particular part of it, each of them denoting a determinate sum or number; and in this way will transact affairs of the greatest consequence or value, without speaking one word, or the persons present having any knowledge of what is transacted.

Poetry.

PARTING,

WITHOUT BIDDING FAREWELL.

AND was it then my grief to spare,
That sullen and reserv'd you were,
That thou unkind you stole away,
Nor hinted 'twas the parting day?
Alas you far my heart mistake,
If thus you leave me, for its sake.

When friendship joins each kindred heart,
It is a cruel task to part;
Yet if by fates severe decree,
Such torture must inflicted be;
Better to wound in this respect,
By tenderness, than by neglect.

To me the tender starting tear,
The sigh that heaves the breast sincere;
Gentle complaints, reproaches kind,
Hands severing, hearts more closely join'd;
The last embrace, the parting prayer,
Sweet in their sadness, soothing are.

While fancy dwells on such a scene,
The pangs of absence feel less keen;
Each word, each look is ponder'd o'er,
As misers prize their treasure's store;
The heart will swell, the eyes may flow,
But 'tis with "luxury of woe."

But oh, without one parting look,
Inhumanly to be forsaken,
Deprives my heart of all relief,
And gives new bitterness to grief;
And should we never meet again,
Will heighten to despair my pain.

Inserted by request—from a Southern paper.

MY OWN DEAR WIFE.

FRIEND, hast thou never heard old ocean roar,
When the black tempest hovers big with fear,
Tempestuous dash'd against the rocky shore,
Its hoarse soundings fill the astonish'd ear.—

Or hast thou never heard loud thunders crack,
Swift skim the lightning 'long the liquid sky,
When some vast oak becomes the mighty wreck,
In thousand fragments scatter'd far and nigh.

The whelp robb'd tygers, has thou never met,
Nor trac'd the fury of her angry mien,
Nor the fell lion, when with toils beset,
His hideous roaring heard?—and eye balls seen?

If not friend, come to me, my house displays
All these, and many monsters more, [brays,
For there bulls bellow, dragons hiss, the wild ass
Owls hoot, frogs croak, and growls the ugly boar.

Storms, tempests, earthquakes in perpetual strife,
In one strange creature, that's my own dear wife.

From the Port Folio.

TO A FRIEND.

Her image, who enslaves my mind,
Urge me no longer to discover;
Pain would I find, but ah! I find,
The bard can ill express the lover.
Yet trust me, he whose happier skill,
For terms could ransack earth, air, ocean,
Might shew perhaps, more wit at will,
But less of genuine emotion.
Though art the florid phrase deny,
Yet truth can never want expression;
For that best language of the eye
Is still in hers and love's possession.

Scraps of Humour.

LORD OXFORD

SAYING that he made a point of never playing beyond the line of his own understanding.—
"Now, my lord," said the Countess of Buckinghamshire, "I see the reason YOU NEVER PLAY DEEP."

JUDGE TOLLER,

Now Lord Norbury, that execrable monster to whom Robert Emmet observed, "that it all the innocent blood he had shed since he became judge, was collected into one reservoir, his lordship might swim in it," was at a public dinner with Curran the celebrated Irish lawyer—Toller observing Curran carving a piece of corn'd beef, told him "if it was hung beef, he believed he would try it;" "If you TRY it my Lord," replied Curran, "I am sure it will be HUNG."

WIT on all subjects is eagerly sought and read with pleasure. We sometimes discern it even in the arid pages of an advertisement. A Mr. James Cross, whose profession is Cotton dyeing and scouring, thus quaintly prefaces a short public notice, in a paper, printed in Charleston, S. C. "All trades must live, but one must DYE." *Port Folio.*

Literary Notice.

"The POLYANTHOS," No. 3, has just appeared.—This miscellaneous work, is after the manner of the London "MIRROR," a monthly publication of great celebrity. It is accompanied with an engraved likeness of Commodore PREBLE; and contains an abstract of the life of that American naval hero—some original essays, good selections, and considerable theatrical information, &c.—The lovers of science and literature may find it worthy their perusal and patronage.

Subscriptions for the above are received at the Book-Store and Lottery Office of THOMAS and WHIPPLE, Market-square—where Subscriptions for this Magazine are likewise received.

Editors' Notices.

DIAPASON's communication is a valuable acquisition to our columns.—His truly elegant extract will excite the admiration of all who have not been favored with a perusal of the pages of the excellent discourse from whence it is selected.—Future correspondence solicited.

The 'Biography of Mackenzie,' communicated by RURICOLA, is concluded in this number.—A continuance of his interesting correspondence is requested.

Married,

In this town, on Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Milton, Mr. JOSEPH MORSS, to Miss DEBORAH ODELL, of Conway.

On Wednesday evening, by Rev. Mr. Milton, Mr. MOSES DAVENPORT, merchant, to Mrs. SARAH EDWARDS.

In Haverhill, Mr. MOSES WORTHEN, to Miss SARAH KIMBALL, daughter of Mr. John K.

In Kingston, Mr. DANIEL AYER, to Miss NANCY DAY, both of Plaffow.

In Portsmouth, Mr. NATHANIEL PIERCE, to Miss MARIA ADAMS.

In Marlborough, N.H. Mr. AARON WHITE, aged 19, to Miss REBECCA WILLIAMS, aged 17.

Died,

In this town, very suddenly, on Saturday morning last, Mrs. SARAH SMITH, aged 52, wife of Mr. Leonard Smith, merchant.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. ANNA HUSE, aged 22, wife of Mr. Wm. Huse.

In Newbury, Mrs. SARAH ILSLEY, at. 86.

In Portsmouth, on Monday last, the Rev. SAMUEL HAVEN, D.D. in the 79th year of his age.—Mr. GEORGE RINALDI, at. 20.

In Kennebunk, Mr. AARON STACKPOLE, merchant; he was instantly killed by the falling of a tree.—He was a worthy man, and has left a wife and 6 small children to lament his late.

Life of Washington—Vol. IV.

Just received,
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